Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain; but ill never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider,

SONG. *Hark! hark 1*
the lark at heaveris gate sings [4],
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalicdflowers that lies[5];

4 *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*~| The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's Paradise Lost, book v.:

«---------ye birds

" That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend." Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising
" From sullen earth, *sings* hymns *at heaven's gate."*

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe in his mind, when he wrote this song:

«------who is't now we hear;
* None but the lark so shril and clear ; [f] Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings, ' The morn not waking till she sings. [6] *Hark, hark* ——." REED.

In this Song, Shakspeare might have imitated some of the following passages:

" The besy larke, the messager of day, " Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray; * And firy Phebus riseth up so bright," &c.
Chaucer's Knight's Tale, v. 1493, Tyrwhitt's edit. " Lyke as the larke upon the somers daye " Whan Titan radiant burnisheth his bemes bright, " Mounteth on hye,, with her melodious laye " Of the sone shyne engladedwith the lyght."
Skelton's Crowne of Laurel. " Wake now my love, awake; for it is time, *e The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed, " Allready to her silver coach to clime; " And Phoebus 'gins to shew his glorious head.